

# The Evening World.

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## "IF ADDED CORRECTLY—O. K."

THE dignity of the State of New York requires that the public treasury shall defray the reasonable expenses of officials and employees on various occasions when they represent the State in a public capacity.

Does it require more?  
The decision of Supreme Court Justice Harbrouck that the State Comptroller must pass upon the "propriety and reasonableness" of the bills presented by Gov. Whitman and his party, representing the cost of their junket to the San Francisco Exposition, opens up a question from which fairness and ordinary business standards have been too long excluded.

This is by no means the first official excursion party that has squandered public money. In rolling up their charges Gov. Whitman and his San Francisco junketers probably did not go beyond the bounds of "custom."

But what is this so-called custom? What ground is there for according it perpetual privileges in this State?

Hitherto, we understand, State Comptrollers have considered their duty done when they have verified the "mathematical accuracy" with which the items submitted in such expenditures have been added up! The nature of the items themselves was considerably ignored.

Would any sound business management, however liberal its policy, encourage its employees or even its officials to draw upon it for expenses to any amount, provided the totals were added up correctly?

Why should taxpayers' money be treated as if it all came from fools or Croesuses?

The French army has been ordered to lop off 120 tons of handicapping whiskers. A hint to Hughes!

## DON'T BLAME THE POLICE.

WILLY, despite the efforts of the police, does reckless automobile driving in this city go on increasing?

The report of the Commissioner of Police issued this week shows that during the first six months of 1916, 2,292 persons were run down by passenger autos in the streets of New York, as compared with 2,085 in the corresponding period of 1915—a 10 per cent. increase.

Much worse is the record for motor trucks and delivery wagons. Six hundred and eighty-three persons were hit by motor vehicles of this class during the first half of the present year—25 per cent. more than last year—and of these 52 were killed, as against 49 in the same months of 1915.

Why, when accidents caused by horse drawn vehicles and trolley cars show a marked decrease, do we find motor vehicles, particularly heavy trucks and business wagons, more deadly than ever?

There are two reasons:

(1) It is far too easy for incompetent and irresponsible men and boys to hold jobs as drivers of motor wagons and vans, even after they have proved themselves reckless or otherwise unfitted.

(2) Many Magistrates and Judges continue much too lenient toward motor car drivers of all classes.

As long as getting a driver's license is a joke, and even the most criminally careless are let off by the courts with fines or suspended sentences, what can the police accomplish against the increasing slaughter?

The railway strike conference in Washington seems to have forgotten that what summoned it was an emergency call.

## AN ABJECT CASE.

ONE seldom hears of senility in more repellent guise than that of Chicago's eighty-year-old ex-millionaire who is declared to have handed over property valued at \$5,000,000 to various unscrupulous persons and underworld characters of both sexes who have undertaken to keep him from becoming weary of life during the last twenty years.

This old man, who is thought to have squandered almost all the large fortune he possessed in an aimless and unworthy search for entertainment, is now a subject of investigation in the United States District Court. The City of Chicago takes an interest in him because, under the terms of his father's will, it can claim his entire estate if he dies childless.

Nearly at the end of wealth which he has wasted, an object of consideration only to those who have been getting his money or to those who are trying to conserve what is left in order to lay hold upon it when he is dead—could old age bring itself to a more wretched pass?

Pending its arrival the Bremen continues to be captured daily.

## Letters From the People

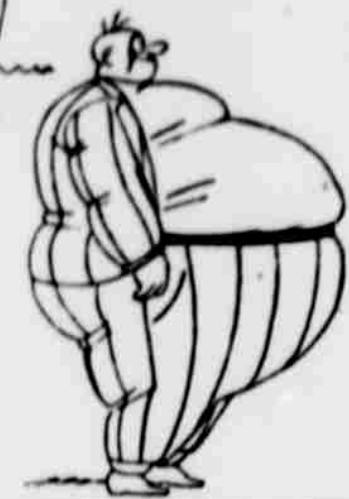
Who is the Writer? Whom Did You Write?  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Inform me as to the correct usage of the words "who" and "whom."  
STENOGRAPHER.  
6 Per Cent. Is Legal Rate? 5,353,000, 4,522,000.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is a note bearing more than 6 per cent. legal in New York? What is the population of New York City and London?  
L. G.  
Most Southern States Hire Out Convicts: The State.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Has there been any such thing as hired convict labor in America and, if so, how are the products of their labor disposed of?  
D. N.  
Point Still Undecided: No.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will the New York guardsmen in Texas get a vote if they are in Texas at election time in November, after

having registered in New York? Does a regular United States soldier get a vote at any time?  
A. CONSTANT READER.  
Friday.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What day of the year did June 1, 1900, fall on? A READER.  
New York, 5,353,000 in 1915.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What was the largest city in the world before the present war?  
ANXIOUS.  
Irish.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What was the nationality of Sir Roger Casement?  
M. F. B.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is Freddie Welsh, the prizefighter, of Jewish nationality? If not, of what nationality is he?  
A. U.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is Bellevue Hospital free? H. A. N.

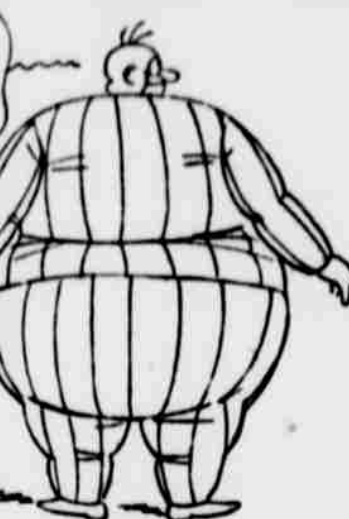
## Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten

THE FOOD THEY GIVE IN THIS COUNTRY BOARDING HOUSE IS WONDERFUL—IF I EAT ONE MORE MEAL I'LL BURST



I AM GETTING SO FAT I WON'T BE ABLE TO CRAWL INTO MY FLAT WHEN WE GO BACK TO TOWN



WAKE UP JOHN! IF WE DON'T GET IN THE DINING ROOM FIRST WE WON'T GET A BITE TO EAT—AND EVEN THEN WE WON'T GET MUCH



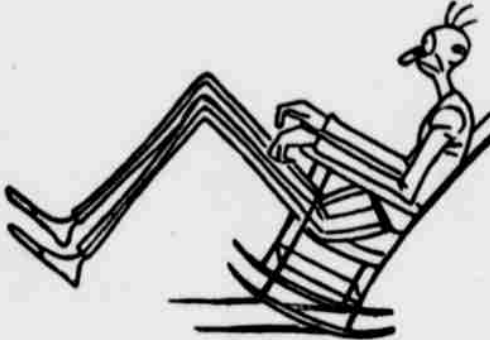
PERFECTLY ASTONISHING! EVERYTHING IS SO FRESH AND APPETIZING AND THEY GIVE SUCH BIG PORTIONS



AND I WILL HAVE TO START ROLLING EXERCISES



O, PIFFLE! IT WAS ONLY A DREAM



## The Week's Wash

By Martin Green.

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WAS reading a headline," said the head polisher, "which wined me up that the doctors are baffled by the infantile paralysis epidemic."

"There's nothing strange about that," said the laundry man. "The doctors live in a state of bafflement, as it were. Everthing baffles them. The trouble with the doctors is that most of them don't know anything about the profession that yields them a living."

"It's a strange business—the doctor business. A well qualified physician or surgeon soon gathers up a practice that enables him to pick his own patients. A doctor can do only a certain amount of work in a twenty-four-hour day. The better he is, the smaller, generally, his list of patients, for it costs a lot of money to get into touch with a physician whose training, experience and understanding qualify him to treat people who are sick."

"Probably the percentage of incompetent doctors is no higher than the percentage of incompetent lawyers. These two professions are picked for comparison because it is apparently so easy to enter them and they come so close to the lives and pocketbooks of the public. New York swarms with doctors and lawyers. Of the two classes the doctors are the more dangerous, because they thrive on an unavoidable natural condition. Everybody has to pass, at some time or another, through the experience of dealing with a physician. Dealing with a lawyer is, to a great extent, a matter of personal inclination."

"It is true that doctors give away a great deal of their time and such knowledge as they possess. Their percentage of uncollected bills is extremely high. Generally they take a chance on getting paid for their services when dealing with people they don't know. But, on the other hand, there is a growing practice among New York doctors of nursing along the cases of people they think are financially responsible."

"I have heard in my acquaintance of cases reported as infantile paralysis that were, in fact, complaints common to children. Doctors who made the reports in such cases either played on the fears and bankrolls of parents or were guided by ignorance. In either event it is hard to tell them. If the patient gets well he doesn't care much about what the doctors did to him. If the patient dies the doctor is through with the case unless he has been guilty of some form of malpractice specifically forbidden by law."

"Medical colleges turn out too many doctors and all colleges turn out too many professional men. The days when men and women had to work or pay for professional training there was more than an even chance that the graduate was qualified. Under educational broad line conditions such as prevail now with reference to many of the professions, particularly medicine and the law, the people are not adequately pro-

## Your Wife's Friends

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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DURING the week a Magistrate in the Flushing police court ruled that "a married woman may choose her own friends if they are respectable regardless of her husband's objections."

The husband had complained against his wife's friendship for a woman neighbor. "You cannot expect a wife to remain in the house all day," said the court as he put the husband on probation to provide for the wife.

When, oh when, will married people realize that they are two instead of one in the marriage contract; that there are two individuals having likes and dislikes; and that all the "holy bonds of matrimony" and all the vows in the world cannot change this because human nature, like the brook, goes on forever?

When, oh when, will a husband understand that a woman must have her women friends, and unless there is some extenuating reason, that he saves himself and wife much trouble by adapting himself to the situation? When, oh when, will women realize that a whimsical displeasure with the husband's pals is very often the one thing that leads to the divorce courts? Many a one is driven to lying and clandestine companionships to save constant controversies.

I know a couple who seemed to be "made for each other" so delightfully did they get on together. They were married ten years and were deemed to be an "ideal couple."

One day an old school friend of the wife came to visit. The husband took a dislike to her which was seemingly unwarranted. The friend, realizing the situation and being a sensible person, left, on the theory that no one should interfere between husband and wife.

The wife deplored her husband's attitude, yet as she loved him, she tried to forget the whole matter. Not long after this, he began to find fault

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

## Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"W HADDY think, kid?" said Lucile, the waitress, to the newspaperman at the lunch counter. "A fellow in here to-day wanted me to be a hula-boola dancer like the Hiawathians are. He says all I got to do is to go barefooted, wear a rope skirt and hop around. You ought to have seen me subjugate that guy."

"He comes in here and elevates his physiology to a stool and, when I fade into the picture, he murmurs: 'You'd be a wonder at it.'"

"Thanks!" I say. "Would you mind informing me what I'd be such a wonder at?"

"The hula-boola," he says. "How's your contour?"

"It ain't on the poison card of the day," I tell him, "but the roast beef's fine."

"You see, kid, us serving ladies have got to lie now and then. I couldn't afford to tell him the beef was so puncture-proof that two men had handed me verbose arguments about it already, so I just says it's fine. Get me?"

"Well, anyway, he shakes his head. 'I mean your shape,' he says. 'Many a fraction. I give him one look. 'Mind your own business,' I say. 'Don't get fresh. We ain't used to fresh things in here. If you don't believe it, order a brace of eggs.'"

"He frowns a little. 'Listen, lady,' he says, 'I'm an impresario for the dancing trade. You got the looks to be a good hula-boola dancer. That's why I'm asking you about your shape. Plenty of girls are getting rich dancing the hula-boola, and here you are wasting your young life away in a beanery doing the hop and fetch it.'"

"Very good Eddie," I say, "but I'm to the apron born. My mother was the best waitress in Fourteenth Street."

## The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

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She Criticizes the Eternal Critic.

"RING me an ice, and a cool drink, and a fan!" sighed the Widow, leaning wearily back in the big cushioned sofa chair. "And come and sit beside me and tell me all the charming things you think about me."

"But that would take a lifetime!" protested the Bachelor, gallantly as he hurried to do her bidding.

"You ARE so nice and so charming, and so comfortable, Bachelory!" cooed the Widow, as she sipped her ice. "And you have the best taste in the world! You never criticize ANYBODY'S taste."

"Has somebody been criticizing yours?" demanded the Bachelor indignantly.

The Widow nodded.

"I'm frazzled to a shred," she answered ruefully, "just from the ordeal of hearing the honest truth about myself from a dear, dear friend and trying to look polite and pleasant about it. Good heavens! How I love my enemies! They at least are never rude enough to inform me that my hair is too fluffy, and my hats too conspicuous, and my frocks too short, and my ways too frivolous. Personally, I prefer a nice, courteous enemy around the house to a frank and helpful friend any day. At least you know that your enemy will stab you in the back, but you never know whether an 'honest friend' is going to stab you in the face, or the vanity, or the heart, or the spleen, or the dignity. You are so unprepared that the wound always goes deep and HURTS. I wonder why 'friendship' so often resolves itself into the mere privilege of being mutually disagreeable."

"I don't know," said the Bachelor sympathetically. "But to mix figures the Critic-on-the-hearth is certainly a thorn in the side."

Looking Through Glasses Darkly.

"AND the world seems to be getting fuller and fuller of them!" declared the Widow bitterly. "Have you ever noticed what a large percentage of people there seems to be in these days who go about looking at everybody and everything through the blue glasses of cynicism instead of through rose-colored spectacles? I don't know whether they do it in order to appear 'clever' and 'original,' or merely to advertise their own superiority. But whatever their motive it's very wearisome! As far as they are concerned, whatever IS, is wrong—whether it's your clock, or your husband, or your hats, or your opinions; and they can always tell you just what to do and how to do it!"

"Perhaps," suggested the Bachelor, "they fancy that by throwing everybody and everything else into the shadow of disapproval they stand out in a strong white light of contrasting perfection. It's just a pose."

"Or a passion, or an obsession, or a habit," added the Widow. "And then they wonder why they are lonely and unpopular and unappreciated. They simply can't understand why you don't enjoy receiving little stabs in your vanity and pinpricks in your self-esteem, nor why you don't love and admire them for their frankness and perspicacity. Good heavens! I'm sore all over from being 'reformed' and 'informed' and 'conformed!' Give me a nice, pleasant Ananias who will tell me that I am 'Perfection' and let it go at that!"

"There, there!" said the Bachelor, patting her hand soothingly. "You ARE perfection in that rose-colored frock, and don't let the non-professional critic disturb your serenity. Remember that 'manners' are out of fashion and that 'breeding' consists entirely in your ability to be disagreeable people nowadays. One can find flaws in diamonds, weeds in rose gardens and bad in everything if he chooses to look for them."

A Club for Non-Clubbers.

"YES, and it requires a real genius to find something to admire in everybody—especially in his own friends!" rejoined the Widow. "I think I'll be REALLY original and found a 'Flatterer's Union.' We could call it the 'Y. A. R. Club.'"

"The 'Y. A. R.'—what club?"

"The 'You're All Right! Club,'" explained the Widow. "All cynics, pessimists, egotists and critics debarred. Positively none but Pleasant People!"

"Here, here!" cried the Bachelor. "But why didn't you suggest all this to your Critical Friend—the one who objects to your hats and your frocks and your ways?"

The Widow made a rueful moue.

"He's furious already," she declared with a rippling laugh. "You see, I told him that it was 'bad taste' to criticize MY taste. The one person on earth who won't stand wholesome criticism is a constitutional critic! Why, he won't even speak to me, Mr. Weatherby!"

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR gazed out from under the awning over one of the front windows. He leaned out so that he might overlook the awnings on the windows below. "They look pretty good, those awnings," he remarked, "and to my knowledge they are three seasons old. But what good do they do on the north side of the street except to keep out the breeze?"

"They give the apartment house an air of class, anyway," said Mrs. Jarr. "Many people who pass and see the awnings over the windows imagine it's an elevator apartment with a hailboy."

"Then it's only for the looks of the thing?" asked Mr. Jarr. "The people across the way have no awnings and the sun seems to glare in on them all day."

"Why should THEY have awnings?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "As you say, the sun glares there all day and awnings would only have all the color taken out of them. Why, they do not last any time, and an economical landlord won't put them up. That is why people always pick the shady side of the street."

"This attitude toward the scheme of things entire was much for the Jarrs. So he looked out over the sunned awnings below him to the wonted shade-side-of-the-street life of the residence section of upper New York."

An Italian with a "ten cent" cake of ice clutched in tongs held over his shoulder, a delivery boy sitting in a small handcart and kicking himself and it along the asphalt, a slipshod servant going for beer—the sordid sights and scenes which the heart aches for when parted from them.

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "you look as though you enjoyed the scene! But I, for one, am tired of it! Oh, dear! If only I could go somewhere for a good, long rest!"

"Say the word and we will go anywhere as soon as you're ready," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, YOU'D be satisfied to go anywhere?"

"And that settled it."

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.—NAPOLÉON.

THE Lake of Xochimilco, near the City of Mexico, is nearly covered with floating gardens called chinampas, on which are cultivated vegetables and flowers for the city markets, says the Popular Science Monthly.

They are formed of floating masses of water plants covered with soil and secured by popular stakes. The latter take root and surround the islands with living hedges, which are useful as well as ornamental.

THE largest coal ship in the world—the Milazzo—recently docked in New York, says the Popular Science Monthly. She was designed by an Italian, Capt. Emilio Menada, who has earned a reputation for himself as an inventor of transporting machinery. The Milazzo can hold 14,000 tons of coal and 4,500 tons of oil. She is a veritable storehouse of intricate machinery. Coal cars run on tracks in her vast interior, and